

Exhibit J – Tim Anderson Affidavit (Provides sworn testimony about interactions with Duane Youngblood and relevant events concerning Bishop T.D. Jakes)

SWORN AFFIDAVIT

STATE OF: Florida

COUNTY OF: Manatee

I, Timothy Anderson (Insert Full Name), being duly sworn, depose and state as follows:

Personal Background:

- a. I am a 57 (Age) year old Male (Gender), currently residing in the State of Florida (Insert State), County of Manatee (Insert County).
- b. I have personal knowledge of the facts and circumstances detailed in this affidavit, and I am competent to testify to these matters if called upon to do so.

Purpose of Affidavit:

I am providing this sworn affidavit to present my knowledge regarding the claims raised by Duane Youngblood concerning Bishop T.D. Jakes. This document is based on my direct observations, experiences, and any relevant facts within my knowledge.

Personal Interaction with Duane Youngblood concerning T. D. Jakes:

{Sometime during 1996 I was at a conference hosted by T.D. Jakes and while staying at a hotel, Duane Youngblood approached me trying to find a room. The hotels were pretty much sold out. I had a room with 2 beds and told him he could stay with me. We were already acquainted by Higher Ground Always Abounding Organization. I was just asked by Bishop Jakes to relocate to Dallas, Texas to be his Youth Pastor. I had been The National Youth Evangelist for the organization for about 3-4 years and during this tenure, preached for Duane Youngblood a few times at his church in Pennsylvania. So when he mentioned about not having a room, I didn't hesitate to offer him the extra bed to sleep in during the conference.

During the first night after the conference we retired back to the hotel and room and had conversations about ministry and our future in the organization. I remember Duane sharing with me about encounters he had with Bishop Jakes and how Bishop Jakes had forced himself into his brother Richard Youngblood, whom I had not yet met. He later mentioned the same encounter that he recounted on the Larry Reid Live show on YouTube telling me how Jakes had tried to kiss him as well, and asked me if I had any of those same encounters. I told him, at that time I had not. But I had suspicions because of the encounters I had with other Bishops in the Higher Ground Always Abounding Assemblies Organization. He warned me to be very careful and said, "they would love to get a hold of you!"

I thought Duane Youngblood was fishing for information and I had just found favor with a man of God, T. D. Jakes, whom I saw as the greatest Preacher in the world. So I kept quiet and listened. I would later find out through my own experience exactly what he meant. }

Personal Experience with Bishop Thomas Dexter Jakes, aka T.D. Jakes:

My personal experience with Bishop T.D. Jakes is as follows:

On or about, [SEE ATTACHED DOCUMENT OF MY PERSONAL ACCOUNT.]

These experiences have shaped my understanding and perspective on the claims raised by Duane Youngblood.

Affirmation of Truthfulness:

I affirm that the statements contained in this affidavit are true, accurate, and complete to the best of my knowledge, information, and belief.

FURTHER AFFIANT SAYETH NOT:

Dated: this 18th day of February, 2025.

Signature of Affiant: Timothy Anderson

Acknowledgment and Notarization

STATE OF: Florida
COUNTY OF: Manatee

Subscribed and sworn to (or affirmed) before me by Timothy Anderson (Name of affiant), this 18 day of February (Month), 2025 (Year).

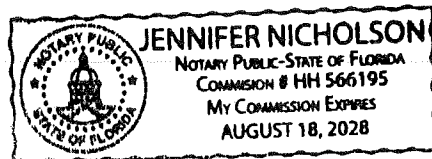
Notary Public:

Jennifer Nicholson
Notary's Printed Name

Jennifer Nicholson
Signature

My Commission Expires: 8/18/28 (Insert Expiration Date)

Seal:



To Whom it may concern,

I, Timothy Anderson, am sharing my personal account and experience in Ministry.

Early Struggles and Survival

I was born in Columbus, Ohio, and, like so many others, my early life was filled with challenges I couldn't control. I was given up for adoption at the age of six months, placed in a foster home, and eventually adopted by the time I was four years old. My adopted mother was an educator, and she worked alongside her biological daughter to provide for our family. Life seemed to be on the up and up until my mother's health began to deteriorate when I was around the age of 10.

That's when everything began to change.

Unable to care for me due to her illness, my adopted mother placed me in a boys' ranch where I spent the next eight years, drifting in and out of foster homes and group homes. During this tumultuous time, I found myself living with people I met on the streets. Survival became a daily battle, and my instincts took over. I often found myself stealing from stores just to have food to eat. Those days blurred into one another, marked by desperation and fear.

Living on the Streets

The harshness of that life quickly shaped me. I ended up in and out of juvenile institutions, and my once-clean record began to build a rap sheet of offenses. What started as petty theft soon escalated to breaking and entering and even robbery. Survival wasn't just about getting by—it was about staying alive in a world that seemed bent on pushing me to the edge.

I remember some nights lying down in gas station bathrooms, cold and alone, with nothing but the sound of passing cars and the occasional flickering light to keep me company. I had to rely on myself to make it through, and that meant doing whatever it took to survive, even if it meant turning to drugs. I found myself selling drugs for a local Kingpin just to make enough money to eat or find shelter for the night.

In those moments, I wasn't just a teenager fighting for survival—I was someone who had been broken down, piece by piece, by a system that had abandoned me at every turn. The world around me felt like it had nothing left to offer, and yet I pushed on, always just one step ahead of everything that threatened to swallow me whole.

Reflecting on the Pain

These experiences, this constant battle between survival and hopelessness, would stay with me forever. It was a life that no child should have to live, and yet it was my reality for many years. But even then, deep down, I held on to something—something that I couldn't explain. Perhaps it was hope, or maybe it was the desire to find something better, something more than the streets. But those were the moments that shaped who I would later become, moments that pushed me toward a future I could never have imagined.

The Aftermath: What It Led To

This moment didn't immediately change everything. Change rarely happens overnight, but it was the first step. Over time, I started distancing myself from the drug kingpin and the people who were part of that world. The girl became someone I looked to for encouragement, even though I wasn't sure what the future held. We didn't become a couple or anything like that, but she became a beacon—someone who had seen a glimmer of light in me when all I saw was darkness.

Her belief in me wasn't enough to completely erase the past, but it was enough to make me want to try to be something more. I began to see that there was more to life than the cycle of crime, violence, and despair. I realized I had talents, dreams, and a voice—things I had almost forgotten about in the struggle for survival.

Embracing the Call: A New Life in Ministry

After that unforgettable night at the revival, everything in my life shifted. I couldn't deny the clarity I felt, the sense that God had specifically ordained this path for me. The laying on of hands by **Bishop T.D. Jakes** and the prophetic words he spoke ignited something within me. I was no longer the man I had been before—caught in the cycle of crime, desperation, and uncertainty. I had been chosen for a purpose, a calling greater than myself.

The dream I had in prison had come alive in a way that was undeniable. The words “Don't run ahead of me, stay behind me,” echoed in my heart, reminding me that this journey wasn't about my timing, but about God's. I couldn't rush ahead or try to force things. I had to stay humble, obedient, and trust that God would open the doors when the time was right.

As soon as I left that revival, I was on fire. I dove deeper into the Scriptures, spending hours reading and studying the Word of God. I knew that if I was to step into ministry, I needed to be prepared, not just spiritually, but in knowledge. I began to seek out opportunities to serve in any way I could. Whether it was leading a prayer group, helping organize church events, or volunteering at outreach programs, I was there, eager to learn and to give back.

Developing a Heart for Service: Building a Foundation

The next few years were all about foundation. I wasn't rushing to be in the spotlight, but I was determined to build my character and understanding. Ministry wasn't just about preaching—it was about living out the Gospel, walking in humility, and serving others in every possible way. I looked up to men like Bishop Jakes, who were walking the walk, not just talking the talk, and I wanted to follow their example.

The church became my home, and the people there became my family. I found strength in the support of my pastor, Bishop Sherman Watkins, who had stood by me from the beginning, and in the wisdom of other leaders who helped guide me along the way. They were there to remind me that this was a marathon, not a sprint. That I needed to continue staying close to God and allowing Him to shape me for the work ahead.

Facing New Challenges: Ministry and Personal Growth

As I became more involved in ministry, new challenges arose. There were times when doubt crept in, and I questioned whether I was truly equipped for the calling God had placed on my life. My past, though forgiven, still lingered as a reminder of who I had been. I wondered if I was qualified, if I truly had the ability to lead others to Christ when I had once walked such a broken and damaged road myself.

But those doubts were quickly countered by the strength I found in my faith. Every time I faced those moments of uncertainty, I remembered the prophecy, the laying on of hands, and the calling I had received. I realized that it wasn't about my past, but about how God could use my past for His glory. My story, my testimony, was part of the message I was meant to share. The very struggles I had overcome would help others see that transformation was possible—that no one was too far gone for God's love.

I was also growing in leadership, understanding that ministry wasn't just about teaching or preaching. It was about mentoring others, walking alongside them in their journeys, and providing guidance through difficult times. I found fulfillment in seeing people grow in their faith, watching them take steps toward their own calling.

A Life Dedicated to Ministry: Stepping Into Leadership

Years passed, and with time, the church and its members began to recognize the gifts and calling I had. I started stepping into more leadership roles, leading Bible studies, preaching at services, and eventually taking on more responsibility within the church. Each time I stood before the congregation, I was reminded of that dream—the table of abundance and the Evangelists I had seen.

I realized that the feast in the valley wasn't just a metaphor for my life; it was a symbol of the harvest, the souls I was meant to reach. The Evangelists at the table were not just people from the past—they represented the calling I had to be part of a larger movement, to bring people into the Kingdom of God. And Bishop Jakes, who had prophesied over me, was still a guiding figure in my life, his words still ringing in my heart: "Don't run ahead of me, stay behind me."

I knew now that my ministry wasn't about me at all. It was about God's will and His timing. It was about building His Kingdom, not my own reputation. Every sermon, every prayer, every outreach event was a chance to fulfill the calling that had been placed on my life.

The Fruits of the Journey: Impacting Others

As I continued in ministry, I began to see the fruits of the journey—people who had been touched by my testimony, by the authenticity of my transformation. I had the privilege of baptizing people, seeing lives radically changed, and helping others find their way to Jesus. My past was no longer a source of shame but a testimony to God's power to redeem and restore.

Looking back, I can see how every step—every trial, every victory, every encounter—was part of God’s plan. The dream in prison, the prophetic word spoken over me, and the mentors who guided me along the way were all pieces of a divine puzzle that came together in ways I couldn’t have predicted.

And now, I stand in ministry not because of my own abilities, but because of God’s grace. I stand on that hilltop, looking down into the valley of souls, and I know that the feast—the work that God has called me to—is still unfolding. There is so much more to be done, so many lives to be touched, and so many souls to be won for the Kingdom.

Reflection and Moving Forward

The journey from prison to ministry, from brokenness to purpose, has been nothing short of miraculous. I am living proof that God can use anyone—no matter their past, no matter their mistakes—if they are willing to submit to His will and walk in faith. My life is a testament to His redemption, and I am honored to continue serving in His Kingdom, knowing that my purpose is far greater than anything I could have ever imagined for myself.

The Call to Serve: A New Role and New Challenges

After being licensed and ordained as an Elder at Higher Ground Always Abounding Assemblies (HGAAA), my calling to ministry took on a new dimension. I was appointed as the National Youth Evangelist, a position that allowed me to travel from church to church within the organization, preaching and sharing the message of the Gospel. It was both an honor and a responsibility. My livelihood would come from offerings and honorariums, and it was the beginning of a new chapter in my ministry.

At first, the experience was exhilarating. I felt like I was living out the very calling I had received all those years ago. God was using me in powerful ways, and I saw lives touched and transformed as I preached the Gospel. Every new church I visited felt like a new opportunity to serve, to learn, and to grow in my ministry. I was excited and encouraged by the work that God was doing through me.

But as with any calling, challenges began to arise. My first major test came when I encountered a situation that would force me to confront a level of maturity and discernment I hadn’t yet faced.

A Surprising Challenge: Navigating Difficult Situations

I had been invited to speak at a church in the organization, and it seemed like any other event. However, during my visit, the Bishop who had invited me made a comment that stopped me in my tracks. He said, **“I didn’t bring you here for my daughter, whom you’ve become friends with, but I brought you here for me.”**

I knew exactly what he meant. His words carried a weight that I couldn’t ignore. I was shocked, confused, and deeply uncomfortable. I had respected this man, but now I was faced with something I never expected to encounter in ministry. My initial reaction was to take offense, to accuse him

of making an inappropriate pass, but I quickly realized that doing so could lead to consequences that could damage not only my reputation but also the reputation of the ministry and the church as a whole.

I knew that if I confronted him directly, he could easily turn it around and say he was referring to the church or ministry, not to me personally. The ambiguity of his statement left me in a dilemma. It was a moment that required me to discern how to respond with grace, wisdom, and integrity, without reacting out of hurt or anger.

Reflections on Integrity and Wisdom

That moment was a critical learning experience for me. I had just begun my ministry, and now I was faced with a decision that challenged my values and my commitment to maintaining integrity in ministry. I could have easily reacted in a way that would have caused division or scandal, but I knew that as a servant of God, I had to rise above the situation, not allow my emotions to dictate my response, and seek God's wisdom in how to handle it.

In that moment, I chose to stay quiet and walk away from the situation, trusting that God would give me the strength to navigate the complexities of ministry. This was an opportunity for me to learn how to handle difficult situations without compromising my character or my calling. It also reinforced my belief that ministry, while filled with incredible blessings, can sometimes be incredibly challenging, and not every situation is black and white.

Growing in Wisdom and Responsibility

Over the years, this experience, though uncomfortable, shaped how I approached my role as a leader. I learned that ministry wasn't just about preaching and traveling from church to church; it was about navigating the human dynamics that come with being in leadership. It was about understanding that not everyone's motives would align with my own, and it was about maintaining a spirit of humility and discernment when things got difficult.

That moment also taught me the importance of setting boundaries and remaining firm in my convictions. I couldn't allow myself to become entangled in situations that would compromise my calling or my integrity. I knew that, as anointed as I was, I would still face challenges—both external and internal. But my response to those challenges would define my ministry, and I was determined to let my actions reflect the love, wisdom, and grace of Christ.

A Deeper Understanding of Ministry

As I continued in my role as National Youth Evangelist, the lessons I learned from this experience stayed with me. I began to understand that ministry was not about popularity or recognition—it was about serving God and His people with a pure heart. It was about being a vessel for His truth and love, no matter what difficulties I might face along the way.

This incident also deepened my relationship with God. I had to rely on Him more than ever for wisdom, strength, and discernment. I spent more time in prayer, asking Him to guide my

steps and to help me navigate the complexities of leadership. The more I leaned into God, the clearer my calling became. And I understood that the greatest lessons of ministry weren't always found in the successes or victories but in how we handled the challenges and the moments that tested our faith.

Facing Challenges

As I continued in ministry, my experiences began to take a more troubling turn. Every bishop I preached for seemed to have their own struggles with boundaries, and I became disheartened by the recurring pattern. Many approached me, either directly or indirectly, in ways that made me uncomfortable. While I had not yet experienced physical assault, the constant sexual overtures were a reality I couldn't ignore.

At first, I tried to dismiss these incidents. After all, I was a young, newly-ordained minister traveling and preaching in environments where authority figures often blurred the lines between leadership and personal interest. But the repeated encounters began to weigh on me. The disillusionment grew. I started to question everything—the gift God had given me, my calling, and whether it was all just a setup. Was this ministry I was called to, or was it a way to groom me for something darker, more predatory?

I struggled with my faith, asking God why it seemed like every door that opened for me in ministry also came with a burden I couldn't carry alone. I had prayed for opportunities to serve, to speak, and to change lives, but I didn't know how to reconcile the reality I was facing with the vision I had of a pure, God-driven ministry.

An Offer from Bishop TD Jakes

Amidst this spiritual turmoil, an opportunity came that seemed too good to pass up. Bishop T.D. Jakes, a name known across the world for his powerful preaching and ministry, invited me to his new home in West Virginia. He had a vision for a new ministry and offered me a position to come to Dallas and serve alongside him—something that could elevate my calling in ways I hadn't imagined.

His offer was appealing, but I wrestled with questions. Why would he offer me such a low salary when I was already making a decent living as an evangelist? Why such a drastic change from the work I was doing? He explained that ministry and evangelism were different worlds—being a pastor required a different level of commitment, and I would have to start small, learning the ropes. He offered me \$24,000, which was about a third of what I had been making. But he also told me that I could supplement my income with selective engagements outside of his ministry—things that wouldn't interfere with my regular duties. It seemed like a fair trade, but I was uncertain.

Still, who at my age, coming from my background, wouldn't want to serve under someone like Bishop Jakes? So, I agreed. But there was no written contract—only a verbal agreement that felt uncertain, and I wasn't sure what I was walking into. I told Bishop Watkins, my pastor, about the offer, and he gave me his blessing, although with caution. He told me, "All that glitters isn't gold,"

but that he felt I had reached a point where moving on was like going to college—an opportunity for growth.

The Disheartening Moments: A Tipping Point in My Faith

I arrived in Dallas, eager to work alongside Bishop Jakes and excited about the future. However, my first encounter with him in his new mansion, when I was tasked with assembling furniture, set the tone for a new kind of discomfort. While I had hoped to discuss ministry with him, to learn from him as a mentor, something unexpected happened. **At one point, he went into his bathroom and, when he returned, passed by me naked.**

I was stunned. I turned away, trying to downplay the situation in my mind. This was Bishop Jakes, after all—this opportunity was a dream come true, or at least, that’s what I kept telling myself. I didn’t want to make things awkward. I didn’t want to be seen as homophobic or judgmental. I told myself that I couldn’t let a single uncomfortable moment ruin this chance to learn from one of the greatest preachers of my generation.

But as time passed, more situations like this came up. One incident stands out in particular: I had accepted an invitation to preach in Japan, and I was excited about the opportunity. However, when I shared this with Bishop Jakes, instead of congratulating me, he told me that I could not go. He said it would interfere with my duties at the Potters House. I reminded him of our earlier conversation, where he said I could supplement my income through engagements that didn’t interfere with my responsibilities. But he insisted that I had to choose between staying as his youth pastor or going back to evangelizing. He told me, “Don’t forget—I made you. I opened doors for you.”

I was torn. I didn’t know what to do. Here was my mentor, someone who had given me a platform, and yet I felt trapped. I didn’t want to dishonor him, but I also didn’t want to lose my independence and the opportunity to continue doing what God had called me to do. The pressure was immense, and I was once again confronted with a difficult decision—stay loyal to my calling under his leadership, or step back and reevaluate what I truly wanted in ministry and life.

Reflections: A Struggle Between Calling and Integrity

As I continued in my ministry, the challenges seemed to multiply. I wrestled with the tension between fulfilling my calling and maintaining my integrity. These situations with Bishop Jakes, though deeply uncomfortable, were reflective of a broader struggle in the church and in the world. It wasn’t just about preaching or ministry anymore—it was about staying true to who I was, what I believed in, and what God had called me to be, no matter how difficult or confusing the journey became.

Each decision I made, each step I took, was a test of my faith, my values, and my commitment to God’s purpose for my life. While I was grateful for the opportunities, I couldn’t ignore the growing sense of unease. And so, I had to choose. I had to decide whether I would allow these challenges to define my ministry or if I would rise above them and continue moving forward, trusting that God had a plan for me beyond the struggles I faced.

The Struggle: Spiritual Manipulation and the Breaking Point

As you can imagine, I was emotionally and spiritually crushed by the weight of everything I was experiencing. The manipulative power play that had been unfolding before me was all too familiar. It wasn't just a matter of disagreeing on ministry or decisions. This felt like a calculated move to control me, to exert power over my life in ways that were both subtle and overt. I felt trapped, alone, and utterly devastated. The man I had looked up to, the leader I thought I could trust, had crossed a line I never imagined he would.

I began to cry. I knew from my past experiences—experiences that had caused so much pain—that this wasn't just a decision about ministry or a job. It was about power, control, and manipulation. The more I thought about it, the more I broke down emotionally. I paced his office, trying to make sense of everything, trying to breathe through the overwhelming sadness. As I walked back and forth, trying to process what was happening, Bishop Jakes stood up, grabbed a box of tissues, and walked toward me. His words were cold, calculated: "It sounds like you have a decision to make."

And then, in a move that left me paralyzed with confusion, he grabbed me and tried to kiss me. My mind was racing. Emotionally distraught, I pushed him away and tried to regain some control over my emotions. I sat back down, hoping that if I cried more, he might feel compassion, and perhaps his intentions would shift. But it was clear that the power dynamic had shifted in a way I couldn't ignore anymore.

He sat down on the other side of the table, a distance between us now, but the emotional damage had been done. The tissues were placed in front of me like a symbol of my brokenness, and I told him how much I loved him, how difficult this decision was for me. I was trying to hold onto whatever shred of dignity I had left. But his response was chilling. He reminded me again that it was *his* ministry, *his* leadership, and that if he gave me what I wanted—my chance to go to Japan—then I wouldn't understand the principles of authority.

The Ultimatum and the Strain on My Faith

In that moment, I felt the full weight of the decision he had placed in front of me. I knew that if I didn't choose what he wanted, if I didn't stay and submit to his will, I would lose my place in his ministry and potentially any chance at the future I thought I had. But I also knew that I had to make the right decision for my soul, for my calling, and for the integrity I had fought so hard to maintain.

I asked for two weeks to pray about my ultimatum, knowing that I couldn't make a decision in that moment. I needed time to process what had happened, to find clarity through prayer. When I called Bishop Watkins to tell him what had transpired, I was devastated. His response was to tell me to never speak of it to anyone, to never touch God's anointed, to never do harm to a prophet. His words echoed in my mind, but they did little to comfort me. Instead, I felt isolated in my grief, unable to find the support I so desperately needed.

Bishop Watkins reminded me of the advice he had given me before: "All that glitters isn't gold." I had heard that phrase from him before, but this time, it hit differently. It was as if the weight of

his wisdom, his caution, had finally fully settled into my spirit. I knew I had to make a decision that protected my integrity, even if it meant leaving the very place I thought I would thrive.

Stepping Away from the Darkness

After agonizing over the situation, I made the difficult decision to return to evangelism. I had to look beyond the control, beyond the manipulation, and trust that God had a plan for me that was not tied to the person or the position that I had believed was my future. When I told Bishop Jakes of my decision, he responded in his usual way—preaching a message that seemed tailored to hit me subliminally. His message, *"Bloom Where You're Planted,"* was powerful, but I couldn't shake the feeling that it was more about him than about my own personal growth.

It was a great message in many ways, but I couldn't ignore the stark contrast between the spiritual gifts I had witnessed and the manipulative behavior I had experienced. It was a struggle I couldn't shake. I knew that I had to make the decision to leave behind what had become a toxic environment, one that blurred the lines between ministry and personal boundaries.

Leaving felt like walking away from a dream, but in reality, I was stepping into my future. The ministry was still there, still a calling on my life, but it would look different. I had to trust that God would provide. He would guide me into spaces that were aligned with my calling, places where I could grow in my faith without the manipulation and control I had faced. And I had to stand firm in the belief that God had given me my gifts, not anyone else. My calling didn't come from a man, but from God.

Reconciliation of the Anointing and the Human Struggle

Even as I moved forward, the tension between the gift and the darkness would linger. How could I reconcile the powerful anointing that I saw in these men of God with their actions behind closed doors? How could I honor the ministry, the calling, without being destroyed by the shadows of the leaders I once admired? It was a question that haunted me for years. But through it all, I found peace in knowing that my faith was not based on any one individual—it was rooted in my relationship with God, and in the calling He had placed on my life.

The struggle was real, and the pain was undeniable, but I had survived. I had learned that my journey with God was not defined by the actions of others, but by my own faith and trust in Him. And that was what I would hold onto as I moved forward, no longer bound by fear or manipulation, but free to walk in the truth of the calling I knew was mine.